

Beautiful

by Aggressively Hospitable

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Summary: This little oneshot is inspired by the great ahoykailee and her magnificent fanfic Hands on Sunshine. I hope she doesn't mind.

Basic premise is Astrid is pregnant and feeling overwhelmed and stressed and Hiccup helps relieve the tension. Rated M for a reason people-Fluff with a side of lemon. No flaming please.

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Hiccup comes home to see Astrid in her rocking chair, crying. He walks over to her carefully, still trying to decipher which kind of 'upset' she was. Was this 'someone died', 'something bad happened', or 'something is wrong'.

'Well it doesn't look like she's holding her throwing knives...' Hiccup thought to himself.

"Astrid, sweetheart, what's wrong?" Hiccup asked as he knelt in front of her, reaching out to bring her face up to look into those ice blue eyes of hers which were now red from crying.

"I can't get this stupid sock right. I sew dresses and tunics and everything else under the sun but when it comes to a baby's sock I'm fucking useless!" Astrid screamed, throwing the poor thing on the ground as she sobbed harder.

"It's like no matter how hard I try I can't get anything right! I can't get the floors clean enough, I can't scrub the kitchen enough. I sweep this entire Thor-forsaken house all the time and it's never clean enough. I'm never comfortable, my feet are swollen, not that I have even been able to see them in Odin only knows how long. My hips hurt, my back hurts and I don't have fucking ANKLES anymore! I have CANKLES for crying out loud! Look Hiccup! Look at them! They're

horrendous! I'm such an emotional, fat as a walrus, wreck!" Astrid yelled, venting all the pent up rage that seems to build up all the time. Hiccup only looks toward his wife with sympathetic eyes. He's heard this particular rant before.

"You are not fat, you're pregnant, your ankles are beautiful, just like the rest of you is. Perfectly beautiful. Have you been out of the house today?" Hiccup softly asks, putting a hand on her knee and gently squeezing.

"No." Astrid replied with a grumble as she crossed her arms over her heaving chest. Did he not hear her? Didn't she JUST say that she's been cleaning like crazy?

"When was the last time you ate?" Hiccup asked, keeping his tone soft, smooth and even while looking toward the kitchen.

"Not even an hour ago, I had bread with butter and strawberry jam. OH and the bread! Another thing I can't get right today!" Astrid said, her arms flailing in the air for emphasis.

"I'm sure it's fine. The house looks better then it's ever looked before. Come on, come with me." Hiccup replied calmly, standing up and helping his wife up.

"Where are we going?" Astrid asked, irritated that she had to walk anywhere on her sore feet.

"We're going up stairs." Hiccup replied as he helped her manage the stairs.

"Why?" Astrid spat, getting more irritated by the second.

"Because you need to lay down and get your feet up. The midwife told you to keep your feet up to help keep the swelling down." Hiccup explained as he opened their bedroom door and laid her down, getting another pillow to prop her feet up. He sat on the end of the bed and expertly took off her boots and socks. Before Astrid could say anything else he started rubbing her feet and ankles, giving her some much needed relief. He could see her visibly relax and close her eyes. A contented sigh leaving her lips as he did so.

"So what's really wrong...?" Hiccup asked as his deft fingers worked the swelling away, gradually working up from her feet and ankles to her calves. Astrid sighed and furrowed her brows.

"I haven't felt the baby kick." Astrid replied, feeling a renewed sense of worry. Hiccup stopped rubbing and looked at her seriously.

"In how long?" Hiccup asked, trying to remember the last time she held his hand to her swelling belly to feel the baby move.

"A day and a half." Astrid answered. Hiccup didn't say anything at first, his mind was racing, trying to remember if Ruffnut or the midwife or anyone else had ever said anything about a baby 'taking a break' from kicking for any real length time.

Astrid had waited and waited for any kind of movement, something to assure her that her pregnancy was going well and was successful for

months once her flow had stopped.

Hiccup remembers the day she came down to the forge looking particularly anxious one day-

"Hey beautiful." Hiccup had greeted her as she came up to the side door.

"Hey- I need to talk to you, like right now." She replied as she squeezed her braid nervously as she let herself in and waited for him to stop hammering whatever it was that he was hammering away at. He immediately stopped and took off his gloves, going up to her, concern etched on every feature.

"What's wrong?"

"Nothing's wrong...I...I just...I want a baby." Astrid replied. Hiccup couldn't help the look of surprise on his face as he looked at her, waiting to see if she was actually serious or if she was joking. She punched his arm because he was just standing there looking at her like she had grown another head.

"Fine! Forget I said anything!" Astrid roared, turning on her heel and trying to storm out of there.

"Whoa, whoa, whoa, wait, just wait a second and give a guy a moment to adjust would you?" Hiccup said, quickly stepping in front of her and blocking her escape.

"I'm sorry, I'm just surprised is all, so far you haven't been too thrilled about the whole baby thing so I'm just taken aback a little. If you want a baby, if that will make you happy, complete and fulfilled, I will be more than happy to clear off that counter and screw you senseless, right now if you want. But I just have to know that it's something you really want, something you're ready to handle when it happens, that's all." Hiccup explained taking her hands and holding them close to his chest, warming them up because it was after all, winter outside.

"Yes, it's something I've thought about for months, it's like I have this...empty space in my chest and just the very thought of having a baby seems to make it go away for a little while. It's this...unexplainable, unreasonable urge and... desire and drive to...have a baby. I don't know, I can't explain it better than that." Astrid tried to explain.

"Ok, I'm cool with that. So do you want to try right now?" Hiccup asked, nodding toward the counter with a crooked grin.

"No, I can wait for you to get home but I'm warning you- you better bring your A-game tonight or I swear to Odin, that you will regret it." Astrid said, a wicked glint in her eye.

"I wouldn't dream of it dear." Hiccup replied, leaning down to kiss her with all the passion he possessed.

Back to the present.

Hiccup remembered someone, he couldn't remember who- but someone told him that most babies responded to voices, usually the mother and

father's. So Hiccup got up and got on his knees beside the bed and leaned down to her belly.

"What are you doing?" Astrid asked as she leaned up on her elbows.

"I'm going to try something, if it doesn't work, I am taking you to the midwife to see if it's really serious." Hiccup replied before leaning down and kissing her belly. He didn't feel anything so he started talking to the bump, gently rubbing her belly with his hands.

"Hey there baby girl, you're worrying your mommy by not moving, actually you're worrying both of us sweetie." Hiccup softly cooed and the baby immediately started moving, kicking at his hands.

"There we go, that's better." Hiccup soothed but was rewarded with a punch in the arm.

"Ow! What was that for?"

Astrid narrowed her eyes and sat up to face him.

"First of all, why do you keep calling it 'her' and 'she'? We don't even know if it's a girl. Second, I have been talking to it and poking it and prodding it and even SINGING to it all day, I sang every lullaby I know and it wouldn't move for ME. You come home and say one stupid thing and it goes crazy. It's not fair!" Astrid whined.

"Well, have you ever thought that maybe my voice riles her up while yours soothes her?" Hiccup asked as he planted kisses all over her belly. Smiling as he watched her belly move under his hands and lips. He really couldn't explain why but from the moment Astrid told him she was pregnant he's had this strong feeling that he just KNEW it was a girl. So ever since then he has always referred to 'it' as such. Actually he was looking forward to being a father, promising he would never be harsh like Astrid's father or as aloof and standoffish as his own.

Astrid thought for a moment, weighing his words carefully. It would make sense if it was that way. Wouldn't she want her voice to be soothing? Especially at 3 in the morning when it's crying and needs to settle down?

"Well..." Astrid tried to come up with a smart, witty comeback but her head was still swimming with relief that the baby was ok. Hiccup didn't let her think for too much longer before he reached up and gently held her face and kissed her softly, feeling the rest of her stress effectively melt away from her. When she moved away to breathe, she nearly melted at the look he was giving her.

"Look, I know you're stressed, I know you're worried. You don't need to be. You're not alone, you are never alone. I'm right here, I will ALWAYS be right here. You will be the best mother Berk has ever seen, you are already the best wife, the best seamstress, the best viking, the best warrior. I wouldn't be surprised if she comes out swinging a battle ax, ok?" Hiccup assured her, wrapping his arms around her waist and holding her close.

"Ok..." Astrid huffed, wrapping her arms around him and pulling him even closer to her.

"I love you." Hiccup said into her hair.

"I love you too." Astrid replied, smiling into his shoulder.

"You know I'll always take care of you right?" Hiccup asked, moving his hands from her back to her knees, squeezing softly and slowly moving them up her thighs, massaging along the way.

"Yes, you always have." Astrid admitted with a smile, she knew what he was getting at and couldn't help but get excited. She moved her head from his shoulder to crash her lips to his, running her hands through his hair while in the back of her mind thinking she should give him another hair cut later. But right now she had better things to do, like taking off his tunic and pants because she needed him more then words could ever express. He was already working on her dress and bindings. Years of practice have made it so that he can do it one handed and with his eyes closed. In no time at all he was stepping out of his pants and getting into bed with her, pulling the thick bear hide blanket over them to keep out the chilly air.

"I've missed you..." Astrid purred as she straddled him, impaling herself and starting up an earnest rhythm.

Ever since she started showing, Hiccup had been uncomfortable being on top out of fear of hurting the baby. Astrid on the other hand had become quite creative in coming up with different positions to keep herself satisfied.

"I've missed you too." Hiccup replied, putting his hands on her hips and helping her keep the rhythm going. She looked like a goddess above him, her now very long, very thick blonde hair came cascading down her shoulders in a waterfall of soft golden sunshine that he could touch. Her breasts had grown with her pregnancy and now overflowed his hands, not that he would EVER complain. She was putting her hands on his chest for balance which had become quite broad since his early teens, working at the forge only helped to sculpt his physique, while he wasn't nearly as big and burly as his father, he definitely had enough muscle and strength to make everyone except Astrid think twice before picking on him.

Speaking of Astrid, Hiccup could tell she was getting close, her breathing was labored and her eyes were closed, a look of tortured pleasure on her face. Valhalla above, she was beautiful. Hiccup was slowly loosing control and tried to thrust into her for all he was worth. He quickly put his hand between them, rubbing her pearl and clit with a ferocity he reserved just for her and just like that she came apart and screamed his name. Hiccup finally let go in a strangled gasp of her name before lying there, barely hanging onto her hips, trying to catch his breath. It was when she opened her eyes and smiled down at him that he decided that she could not get any more beautiful, she was glowing, she was smiling and happy AND pregnant with his child. Which was the biggest turn on ever to him, which had been a pleasant surprise for both of them. If he could live in a moment forever, it would be this one. There was no way he would ever let anything ever happen to her. She and their child were his most precious possessions. Astrid dismounted and laid next to him. He kissed her temple and whispered sweet nothings to her before they

fell asleep. He put his hand on her belly which was nestled next to him and felt the baby settle down under his hand.

"Thank you." Astrid whispered sleepily.

"For what?" Hiccup asked, picking his head up to look at her as she laid her head on his shoulder.

"For being you and making everything better, you always know how to make it better..." She answered. Hiccup smiled and kissed the top of her head and held her closer.

Yep, he would have to find a new word for her, beautiful just wasn't good enough anymore.

End  
file.